

GOLD



THE JETSONS

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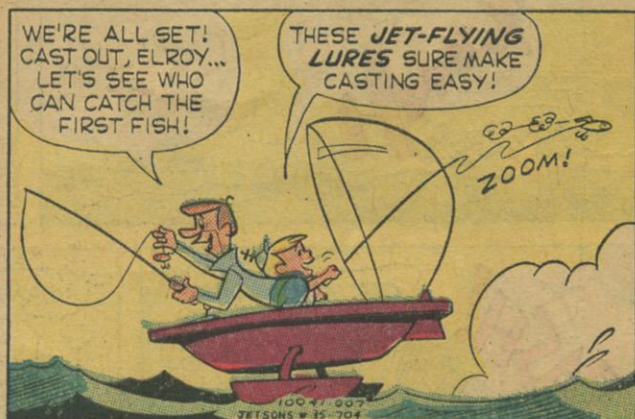
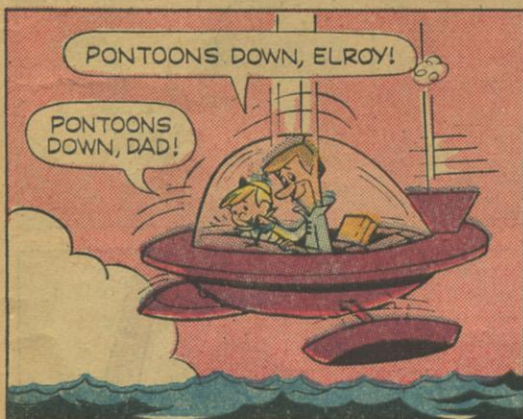
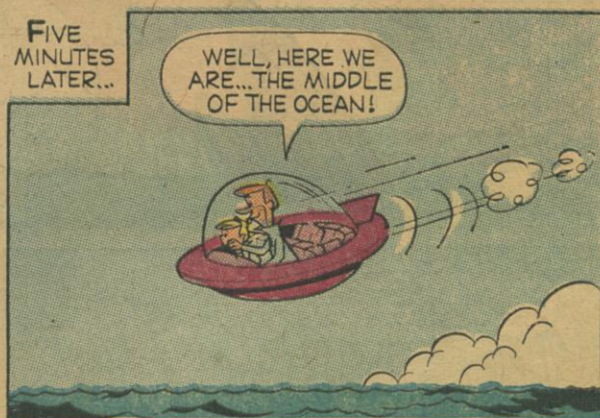
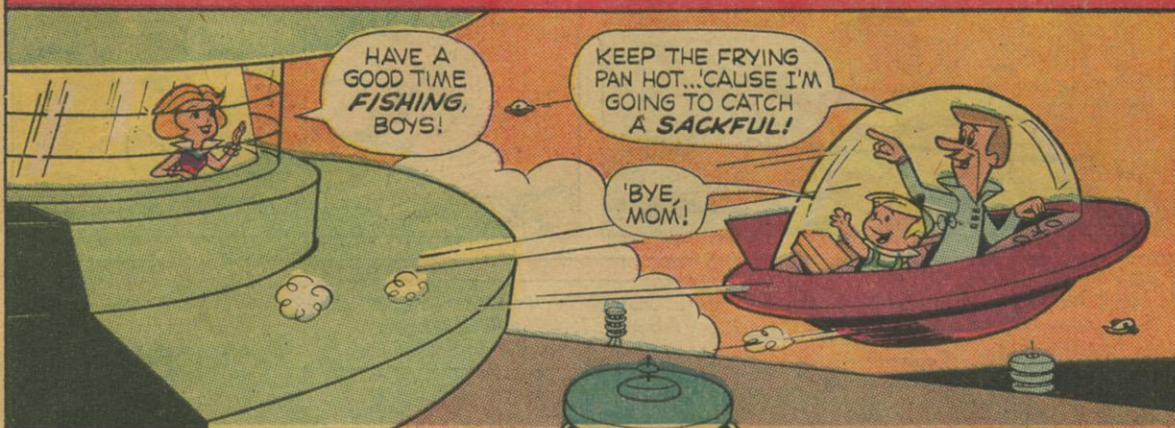
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The JETSONS

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GET-LOST ISLAND

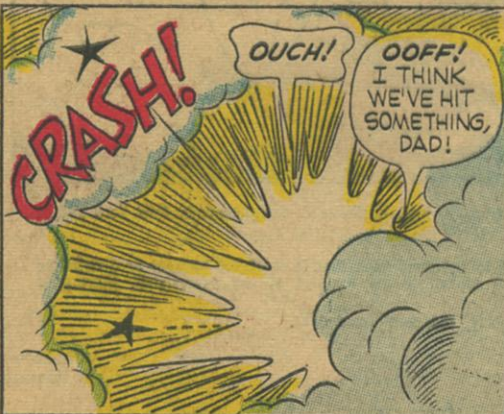
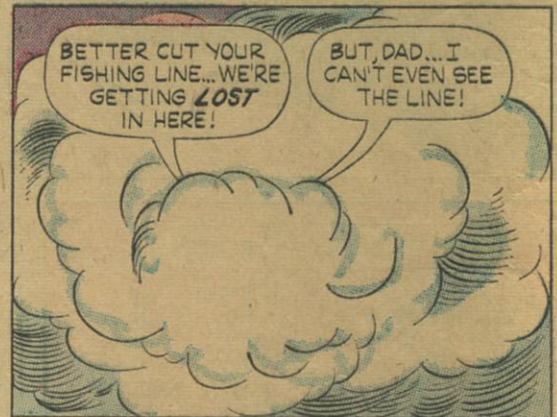
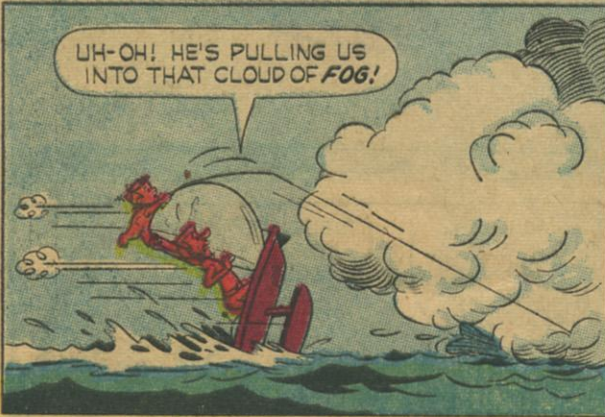
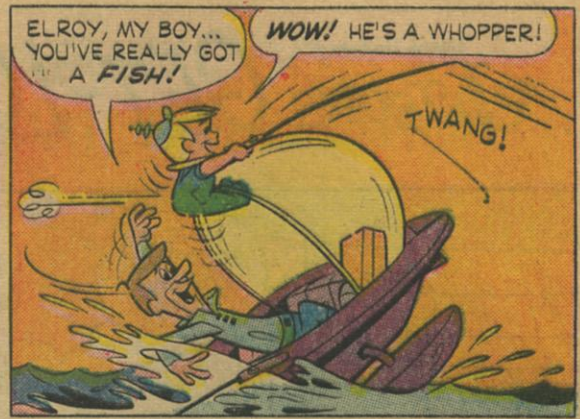
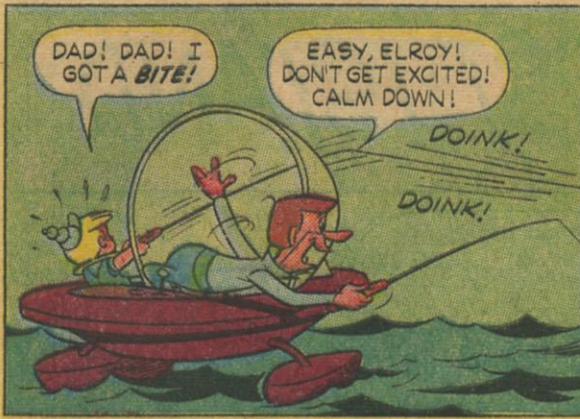


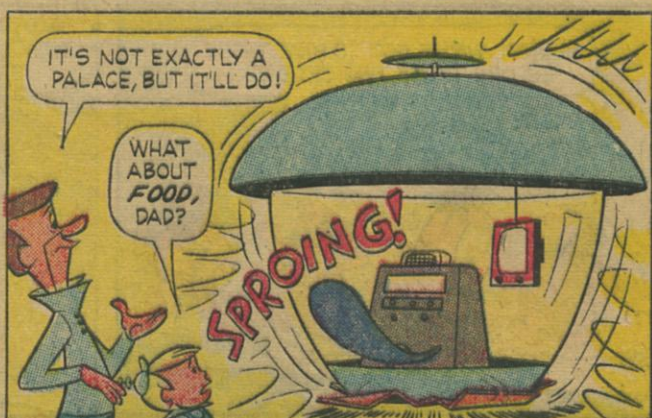
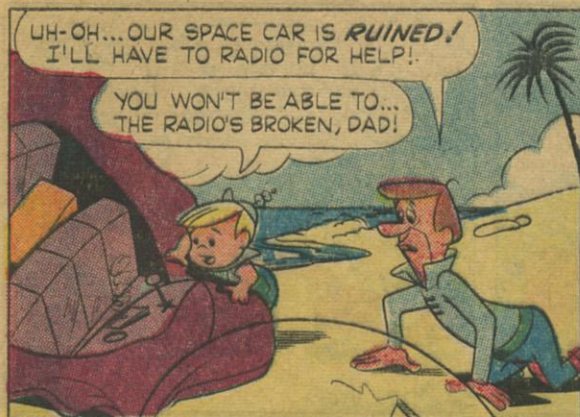
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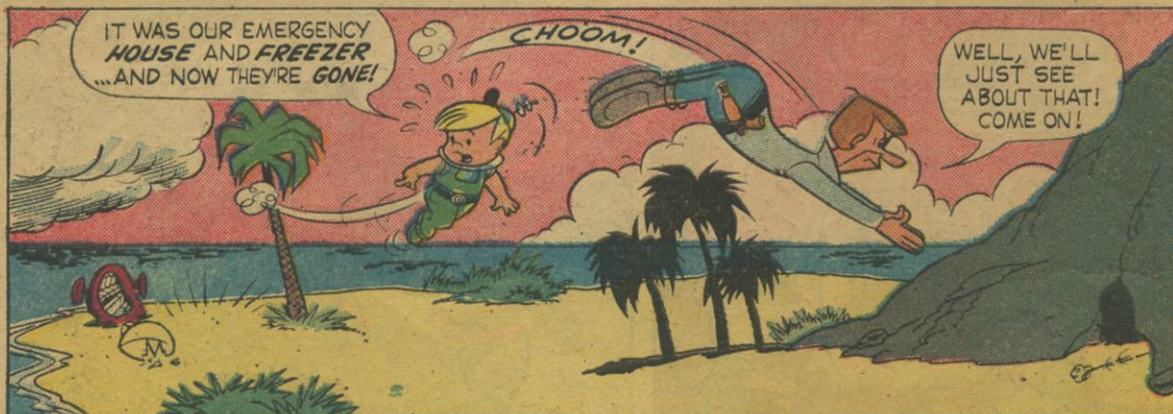
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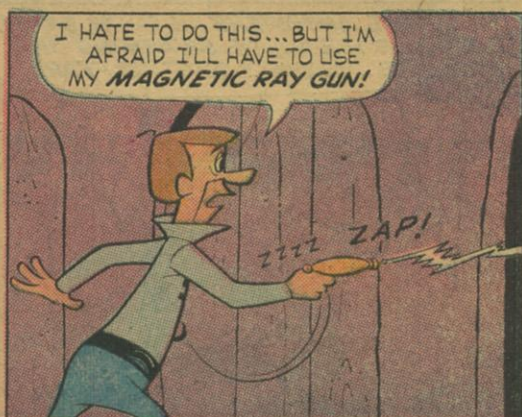
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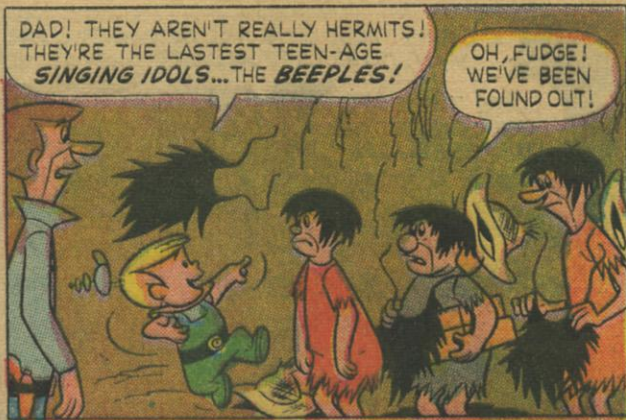






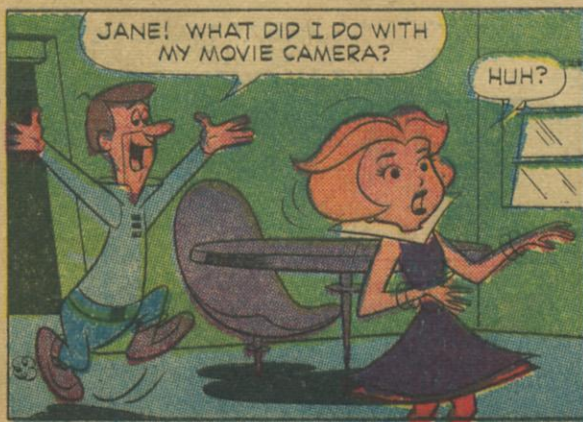
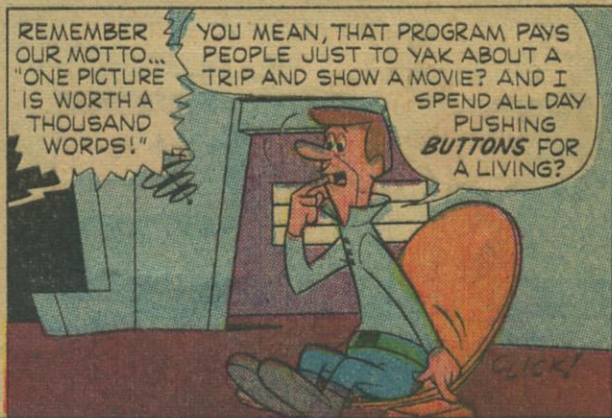
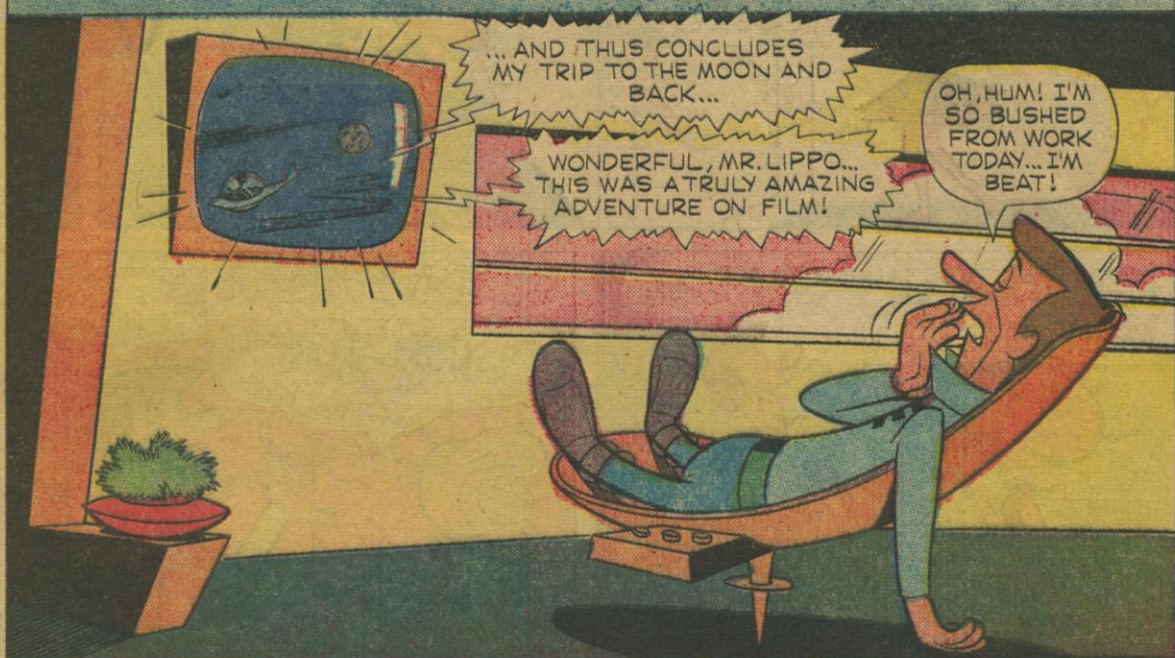


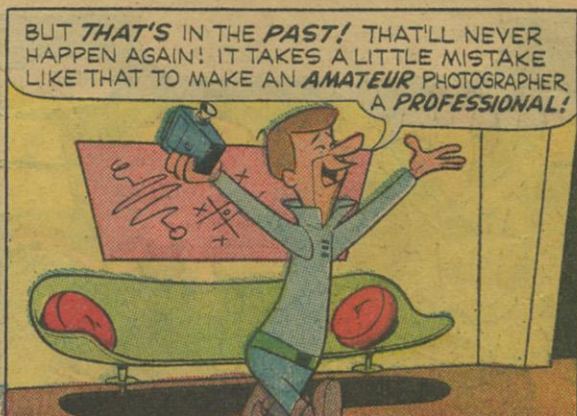
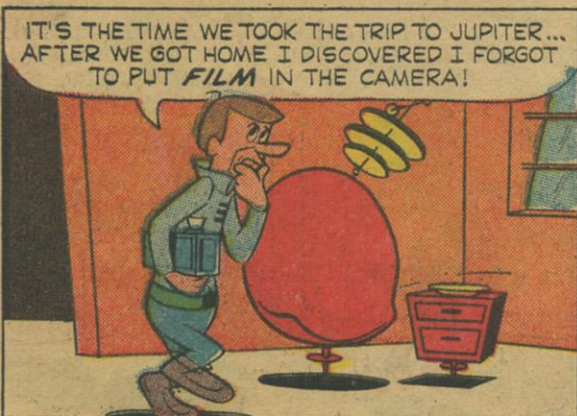


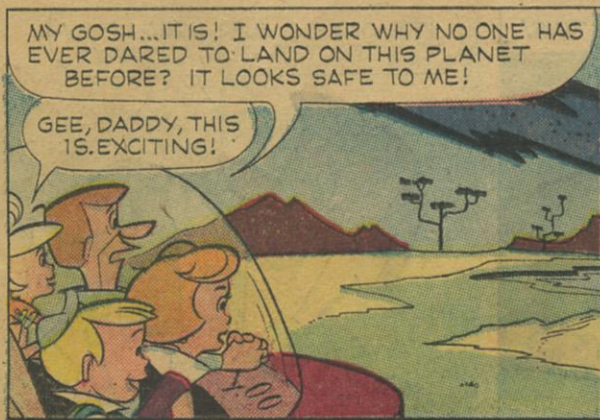
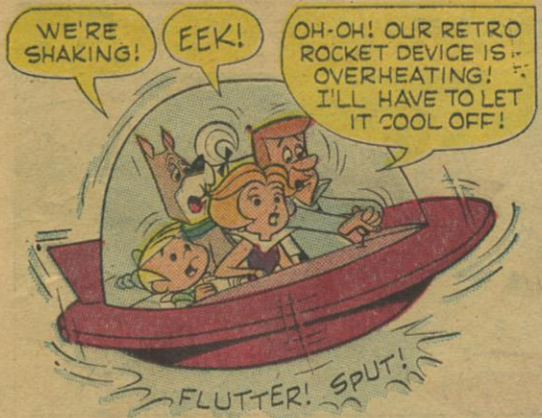
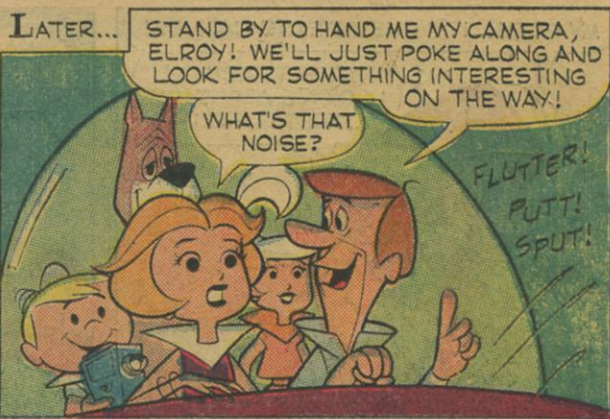
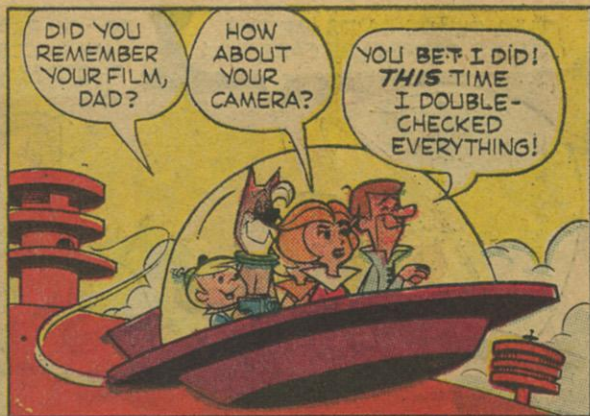
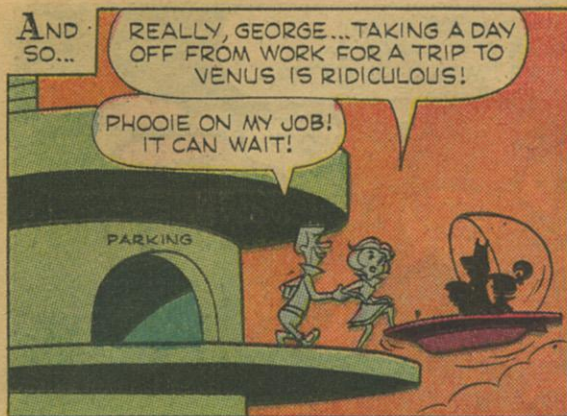


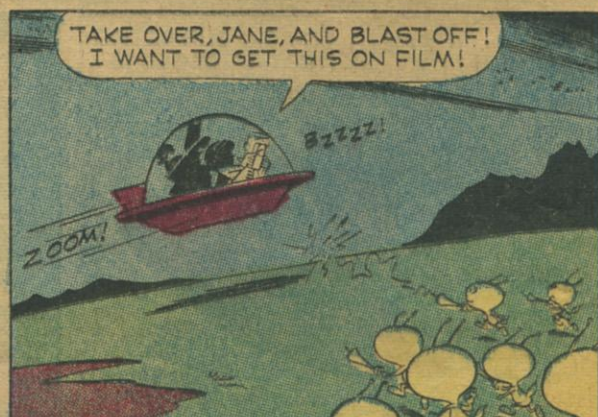
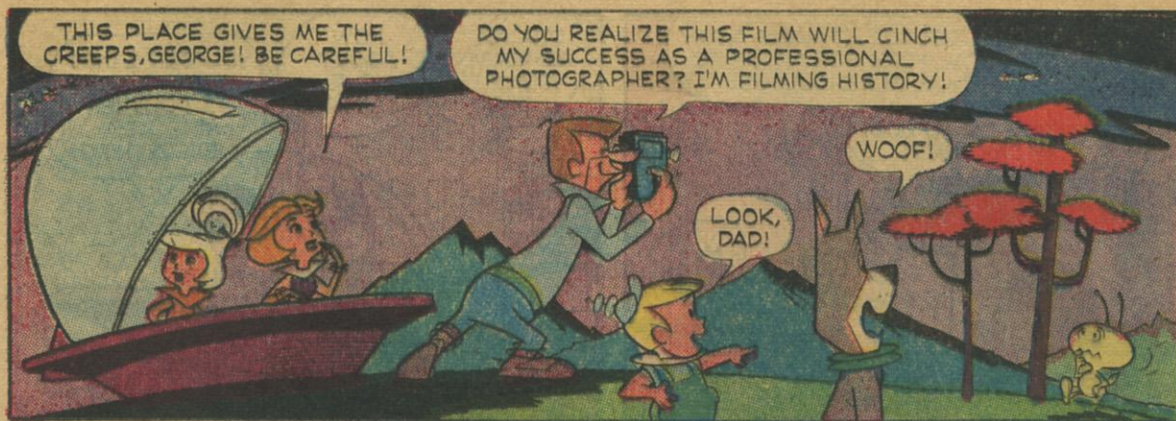
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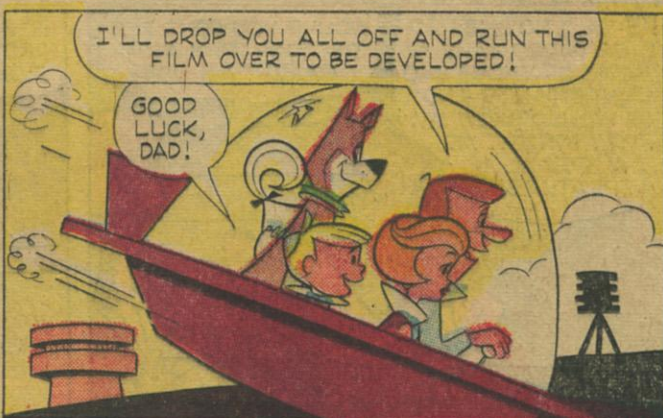
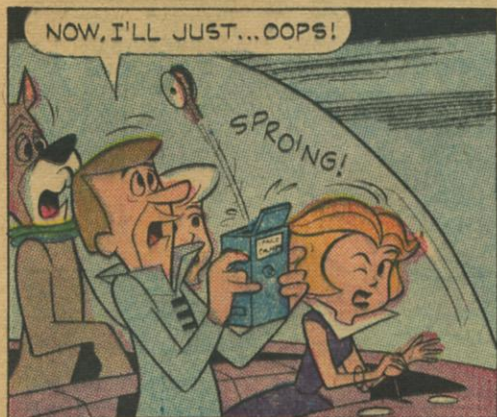
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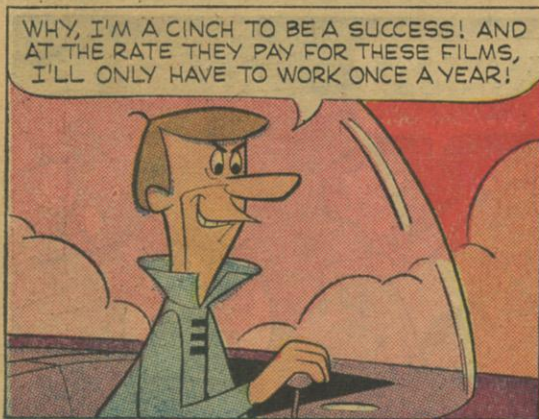
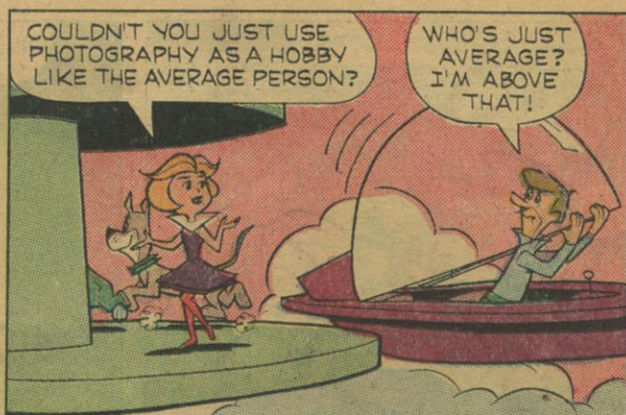










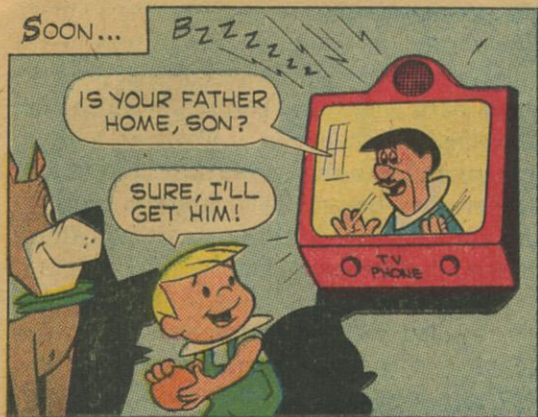


SOON...

BZZZZZZ

IS YOUR FATHER HOME, SON?

SURE, I'LL GET HIM!



YEOW! IT'S THE TV PRODUCER! HI, P.C.!



HELLO, MR. JETSON... I JUST LOOKED AT YOUR FILM...ER, UH...

PRETTY WILD, EH? JUST CALL ME "FLICKER" JETSON!



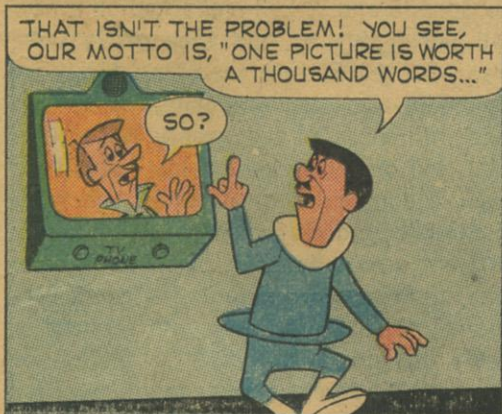
I'M AFRAID WE HAVE A PROBLEM...ER... UH... FLICKER!

OH, WE CAN DISCUSS THE MONEY LATER!



THAT ISN'T THE PROBLEM! YOU SEE, OUR MOTTO IS, "ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS..."

SO?



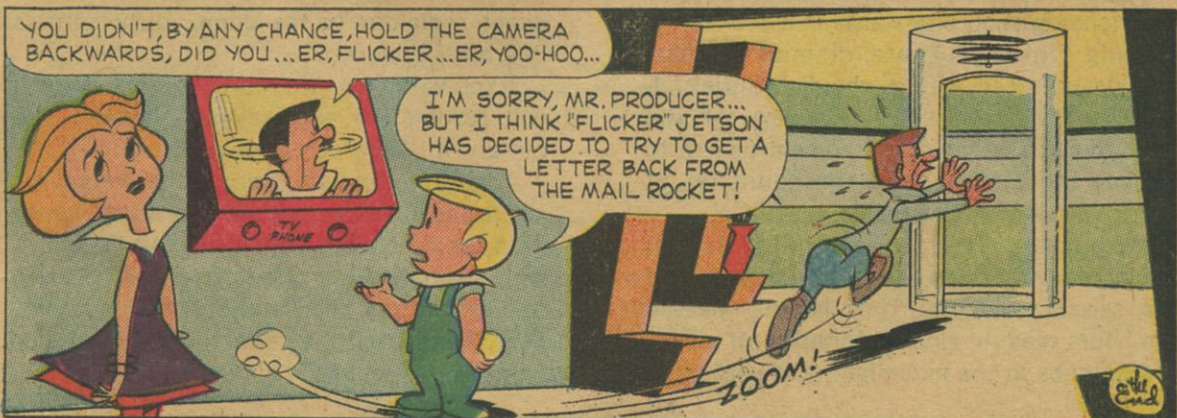
HOWEVER...500 FEET OF YOUR EYEBALL ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT WE HAVE IN MIND!

OOP!



YOU DIDN'T, BY ANY CHANCE, HOLD THE CAMERA BACKWARDS, DID YOU...ER, FLICKER...ER, YOO-HOO...

I'M SORRY, MR. PRODUCER... BUT I THINK "FLICKER" JETSON HAS DECIDED TO TRY TO GET A LETTER BACK FROM THE MAIL ROCKET!





"Dahling," croaked Mrs. J. Evil Scientist to her horrendous husband, "don't you think it's time we took a trip to Europe? All our friends have gone, and we haven't been there for ages — Middle Ages, to be exact!"

"Yes, it would cheer me up to visit old torture chambers and such," agreed J. Evil. "Let's go and pick up a new car there!"

So the next night, bedecked in stylish black shrouds, Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist bid good-bye — excuse me, *bad-bye* — to Junior and left for the Continent.

Climbing aboard their two-seater broom in the middle of a raging thunderstorm, the two travellers flew to a lonely stretch of rocky coast. There they waited for clearer skies before taking off across the ocean for the shores of continental Europe.

Upon their arrival, J. Evil summoned a fiery dragon from the depths of a seaside cave, and he and Goonda continued their journey, landing soon afterwards in a promising-looking junkyard. There, dismissing their monstrous steed with a ghoulish shriek, J. Evil searched feverishly for a new car and soon found a suitable and ancient hearse to convey them all around the countries of Europe with ghostly creaks.

With grim glee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist visited the ruins of Pompeii and the sewers of Paris. They happily passed the hours reading gloomy epitaphs off mossy gravestones in the moonlight, and conversed

with assorted vampires, witches, werewolves and ghouls in their local habitats. With equal pleasure, Goonda and J. Evil hovered in the dark and musty corners of museums, admiring vicious medieval weapons and re-constructed torture chambers.

Then they began their nighttime tours of ancient castles. Gliding stealthily along shadowy battlements, down drafty corridors, and across cavernous halls, J. Evil and his wife thrilled to every creak and clank. But stopping to chat with some friendly ghosts, they were soon grievously informed how much things had changed since the Middle Ages.

"Gone are the dens of fierce lions. Gone are the chains and guillotines. Gone are the vicious watchdogs!" wailed one ghost.

"Everything's so modernized," moaned another spectral voice. "Castles are turned into hotels, nowadays," he shuddered, "with swimming pools and golf courses!"

"And what's worse," whimpered a third ghost, "the sound of laughter echoes through the hallways and courtyards. It's hard to find a decent place to live!"

"How dreadful!" sympathized Goonda. "We really must do something for you."

So Goonda and J. Evil embarked on a new quest. For nights on end they drove their hearse all over Europe searching for a remote medieval castle, untouched by the revolting influences of the twentieth century. At last, led on by gruesome instincts, they found the dank ruins of an ancient fortress atop a rockbound cliff, overlooking a murky lake. Here was a dwelling place for all the ghosts of Europe who wanted a good, old-fashioned home! Here they could roam contentedly up and down broken stairways of slimy rock, flit across the stagnant moat for picnics in the gloomy forest, and rest with silent skeletons in the damp, dirty corners of a black dungeon.

"You've made life worth living — if you will pardon the expression," shrieked one old ghost. "How can we ever thank you?"

"Just reserve us a space in the dungeon," requested Goonda, "so we can bring Junior here for a holiday." Then turning to J. Evil with a satisfied grimace, she said, "This trip to Europe has been a wonderful success, dear. Just look at the perfectly lovely summer home we've found!"



Reader's Page MONSTERS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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THE BIG BOY



Can whip any monster on earth (he says).

Gary Freuden
Orange, Texas

RUDDER MONSTER



Steers with its tail, runs with its nose and bites airplanes.

Gregory Brown
Mission, British Columbia, Canada

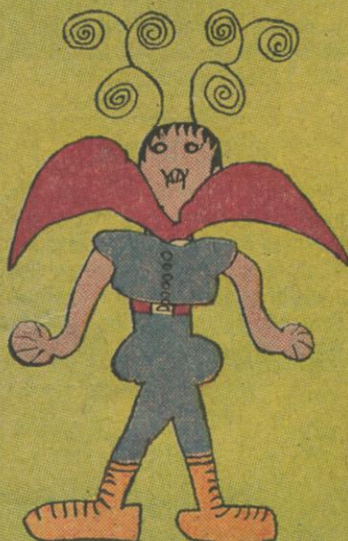
GIGANTO



2,000 feet high—nobody likes him!

Mike Pine
Guelph, Ontario, Canada

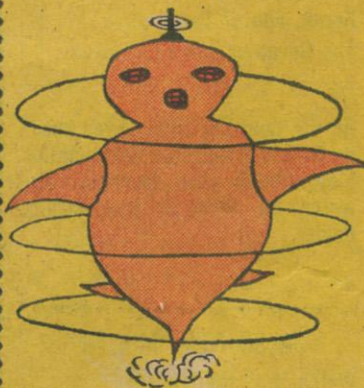
ONE-HEADED DING WING



His antlers hypnotize bad people.

Deborah Lambert
Morrisville, Vermont

TOP-LIKE ROBOT



Swings around like a top.

Mohd Noor
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

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POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601



JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: What do you get when you plant a gun?
Answer: A lot of little shoots.

Edwyna Lee Strain—Poughkeepsie, New York

Riddle: What can you change without touching?
Answer: Your mind.

Corinne Vailland—New York, N.Y.

Son: Dad, can you lend me five dollars—I'm a little short.

Dad: Try standing on your toes instead.

Paul Boetin—Chicago, Illinois

Riddle: What's easy to get into and hard to get out of?

Answer: Trouble.

Yalonda Penner—Elk City, Oklahoma

Riddle: What is the largest room in the world?

Answer: The room for improvement.

Cecylia Placzek—Chicago, Illinois

A peanut sat on a railroad track,
His heart was all a-flutter.
A train came speeding down the track,
Toot toot! Peanut butter.

Susan Robinson—Scotland, Ontario, Canada

Riddle: Why is the baby the least important member of a family?

Answer: Because it doesn't count.

Rachel C. Garcia—San Antonio, Texas

Dad: Did you learn anything in school today?
Son: Plenty—Ted Anderson gets a bigger allowance than I do.

Roy Hibbard—Apopka, Florida

Riddle: Where do spooks get their mail?

Answer: At the dead letter office.

Julie Harrington—Richmond Hill, New York

Ed: Why is $3 + 3 = 7$ like your left foot?

Ned: It's not right.

Don McLarey—Birmingham, Alabama

Riddle: What is an I.O.U.?

Answer: A paper wait!

Misty Crockett—Bixby, Oklahoma

Riddle: How much dirt is in a hole 180 feet deep and 100 feet wide?

Answer: None, because it's a hole.

John and Maryanne Gallagher—Oakdale, Pennsylvania

Scott: What is a good way to keep a dog off the street?

Paul: Put him in the barking lot.

Scott McCleary—Pleasantville, New York

Tom: What kind of shoes do lazy people wear?

Tim: Loafers.

Leigh Willhite—McMinville, Tennessee

Riddle: What is stuffed with food and hums?

Answer: A refrigerator.

Andrea Smith—Denver, Colorado

Riddle: What did one cow say to the other cow?

Answer: Mooooooove out of my way!

Joe Garves—Zanesville, Ohio

Riddle: What's dark but made by light?

Answer: A shadow.

Mark Pasos—Cupertino, California

Mother Lightning Bug

to Father L.B.: Isn't Junior bright for his age?

Myrtle Levin—Boston, Massachusetts

Teacher: Yes, Jim?

Jim: I don't want to scare you, but if I don't get good marks soon someone's due for a spanking!

Jim Malone—Detroit, Michigan

Riddle: What's a substitute dentist?

Answer: A dentist filling in for somebody else.

Peter Collinson—Pago Pago, American Samoa

Riddle: What is a well-known put-up job?

Answer: Wallpaper.

George Andrew Barber—Lake City, Florida

Teacher: What pine has the longest and sharpest needles?

Pupil: A porcupine.

Denise Watson—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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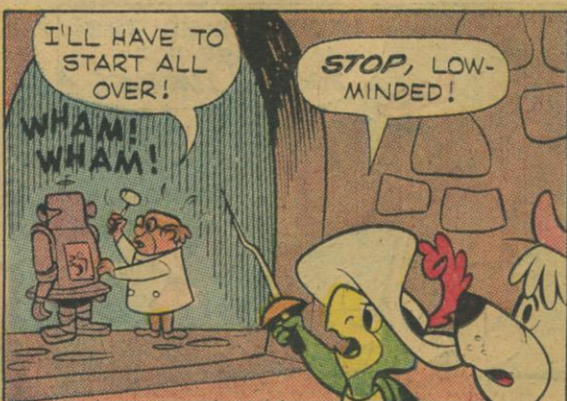
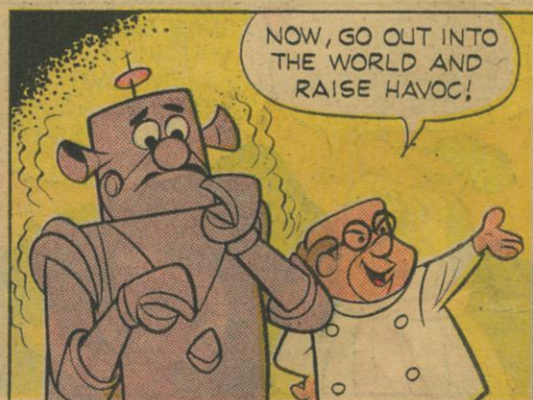
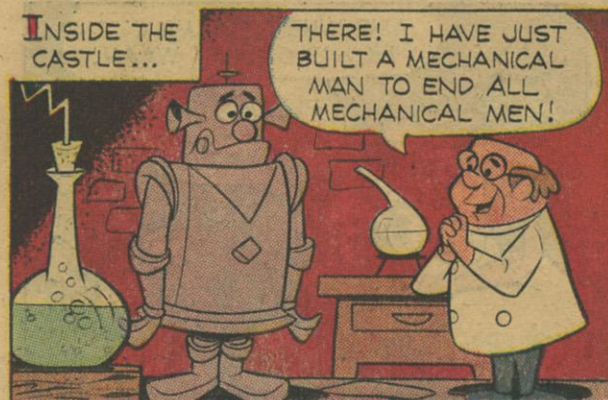
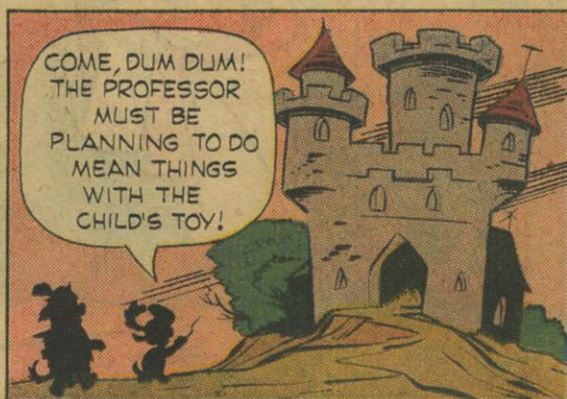
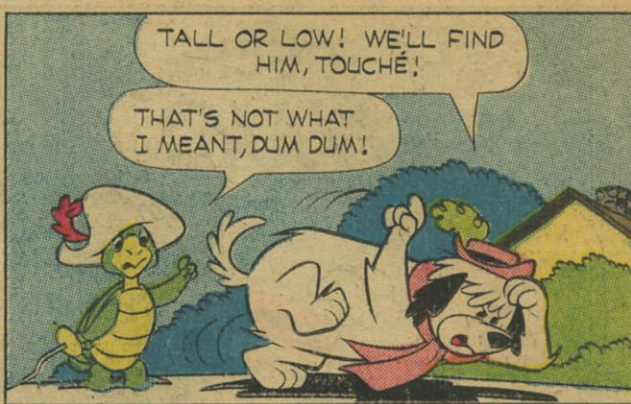
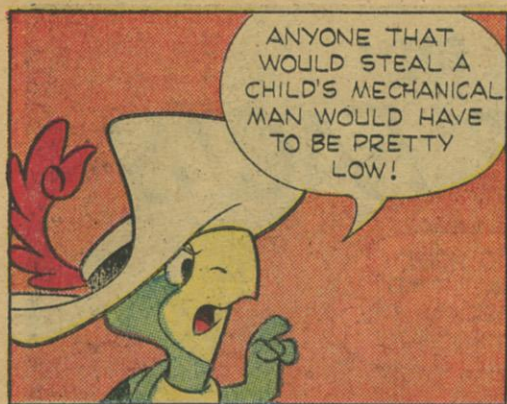
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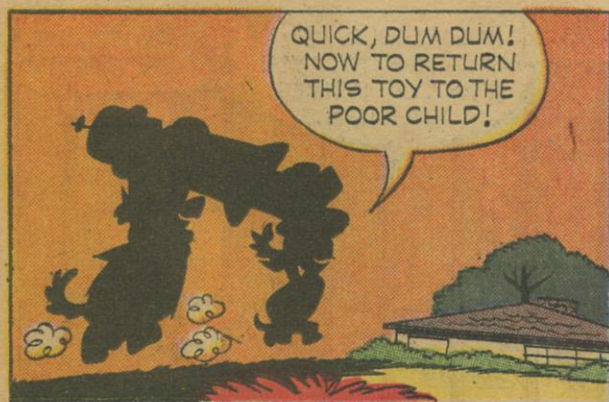
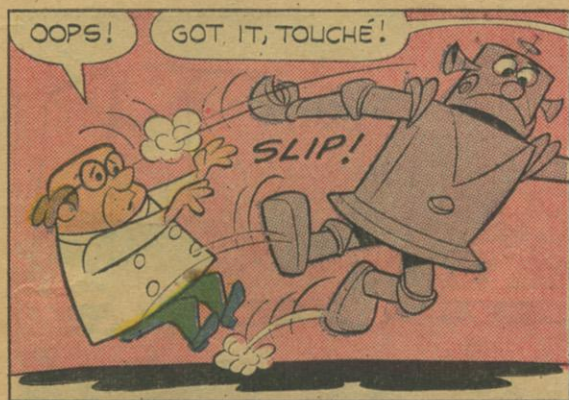
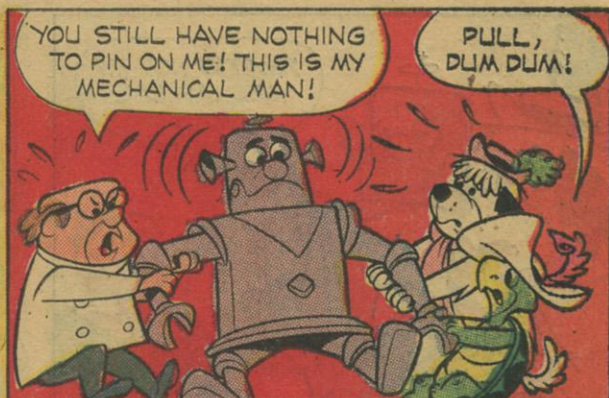
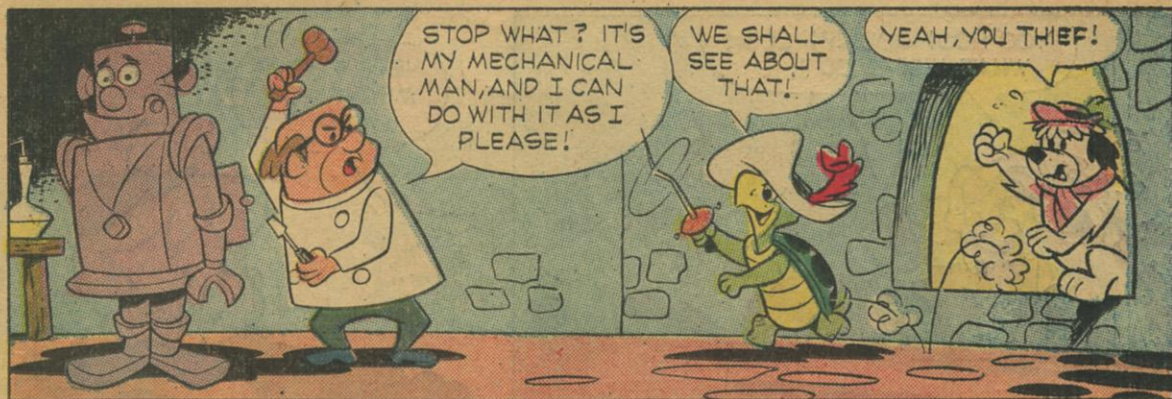
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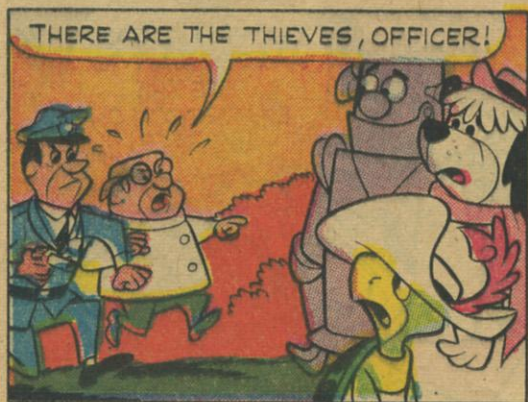
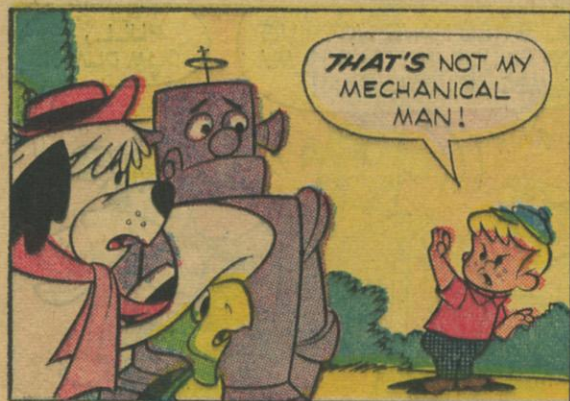
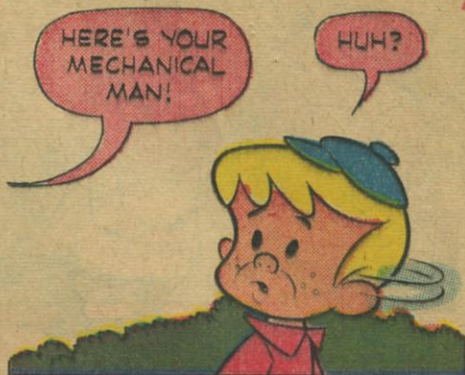
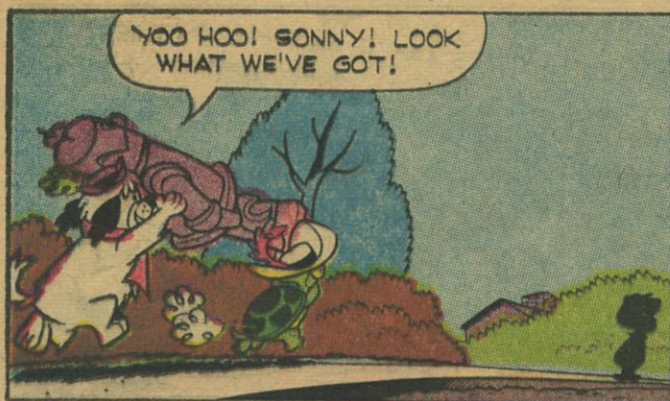
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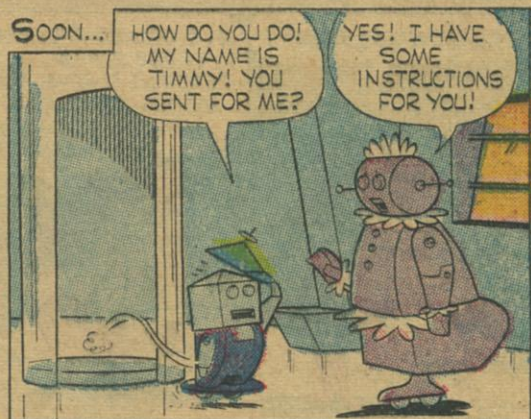
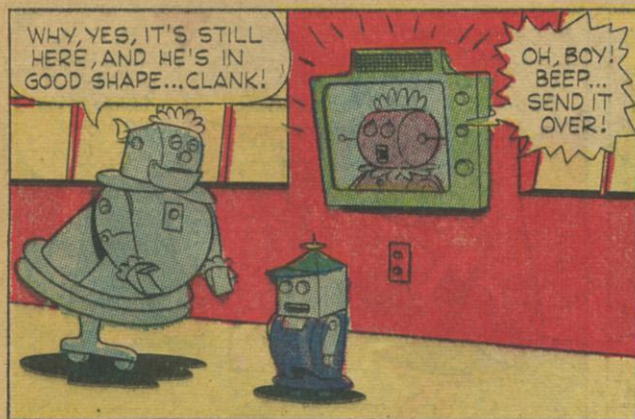
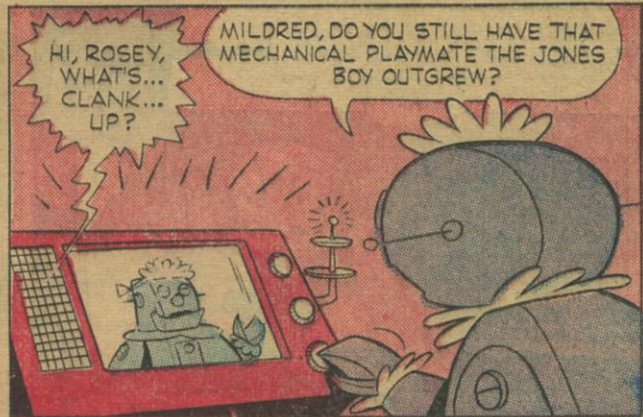
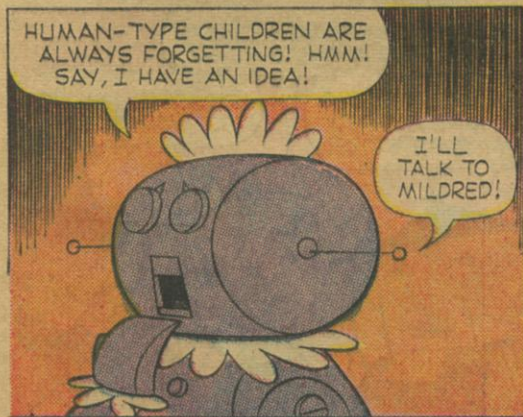
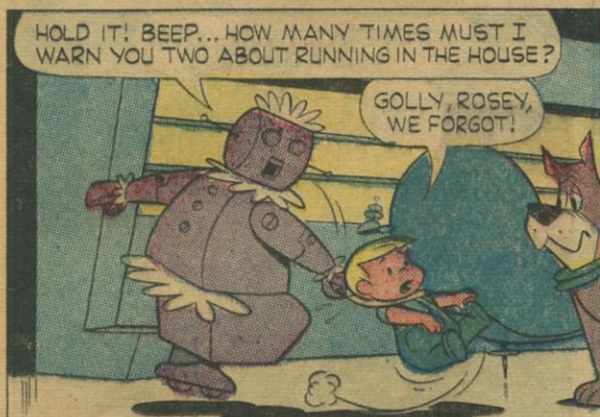
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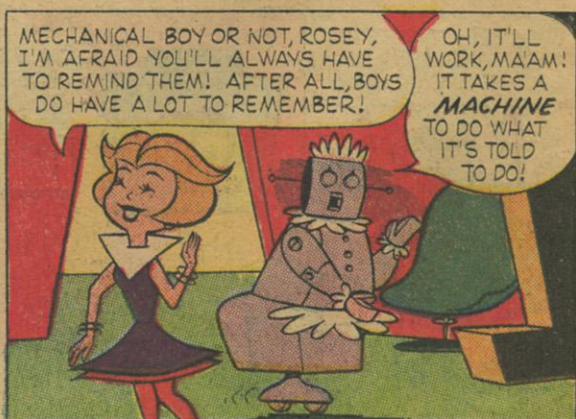
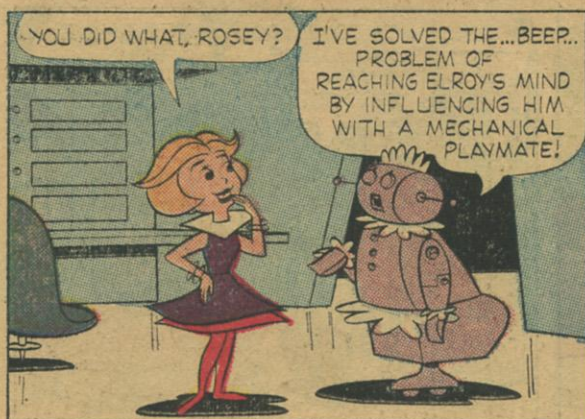
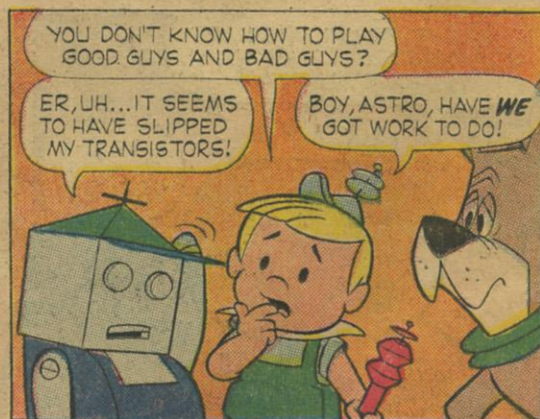
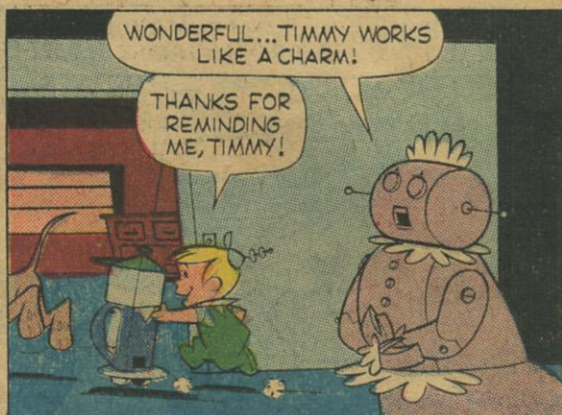
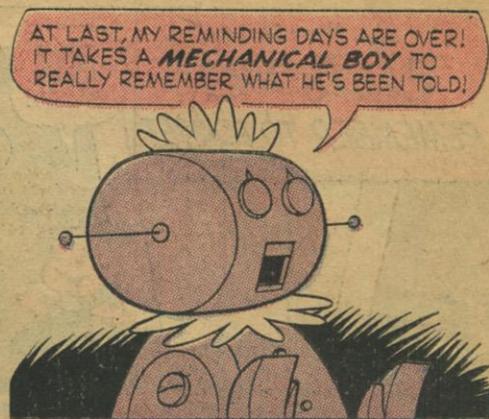
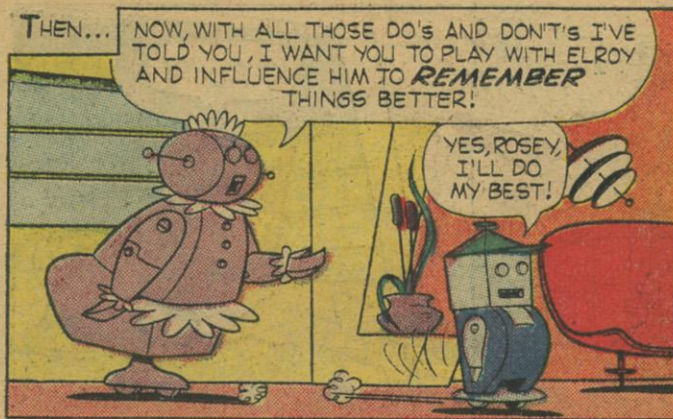


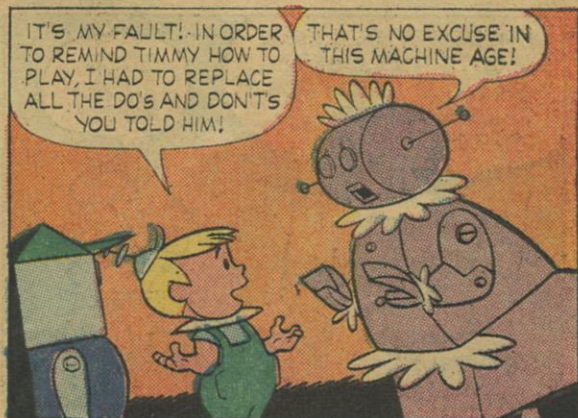
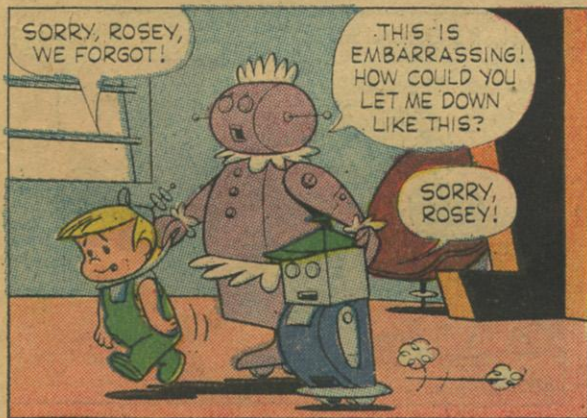
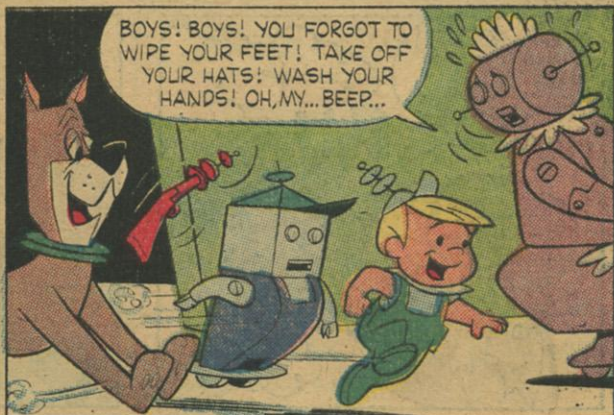
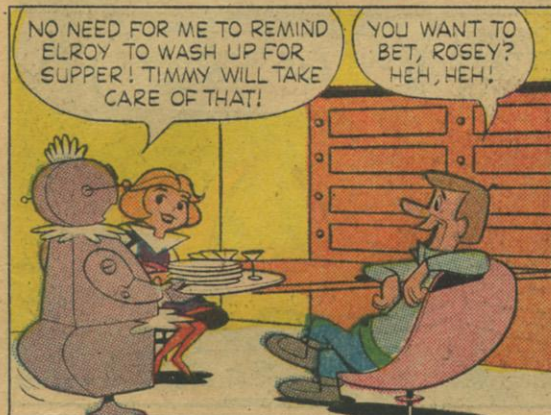
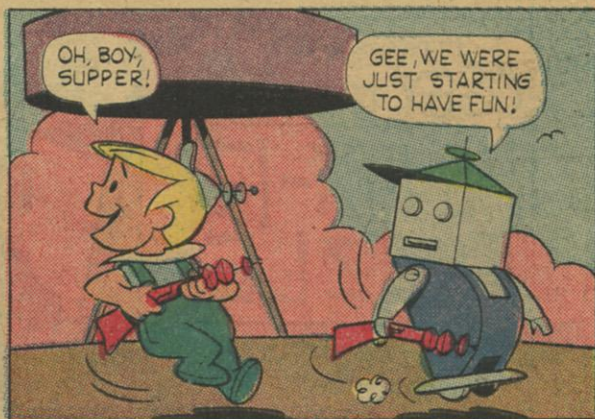
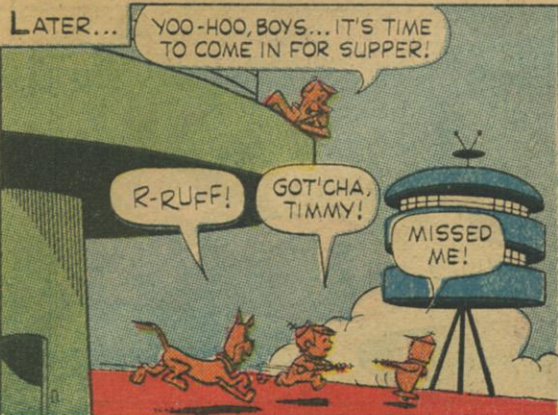












Hanna-Barbera

ROSEY THE ROBOT THE FIX-IT FIZZLE

WHAT'S ALL
THE RACKET
ABOUT, HENRY?

I DON'T KNOW, ROSEY--
SOUNDS AS IF MY TRUCK IS
BREAKING DOWN!

POW!
WHAM!

COUGH! SPUT!
WHOOFT!

OH, MY...
BEEP...
GOODNESS!

BALOOEY!

GEE, HENRY, YOU
SHOULDN'T DRIVE
IT... BEEP... WITH
A FULL LOAD!

BUT I'VE GOT TO GET
IT TO A GARAGE!

WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE
SOME THINGS... BEEP...
HERE AND CATCH JOE'S
GARAGE BEFORE
THEY CLOSE?

GOOD
IDEA,
ROSEY!

I'LL BE BACK SOON AS I GET IT FIXED!

MAKE IT SNAPPY, HENRY!
I DON'T MIND THIS JUNK,
BUT MR. JETSON WOULD!

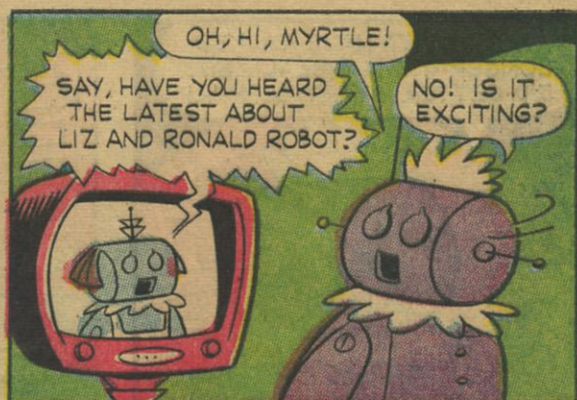
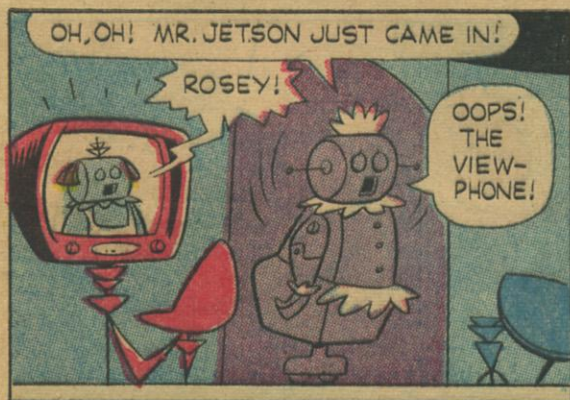
SPUT!

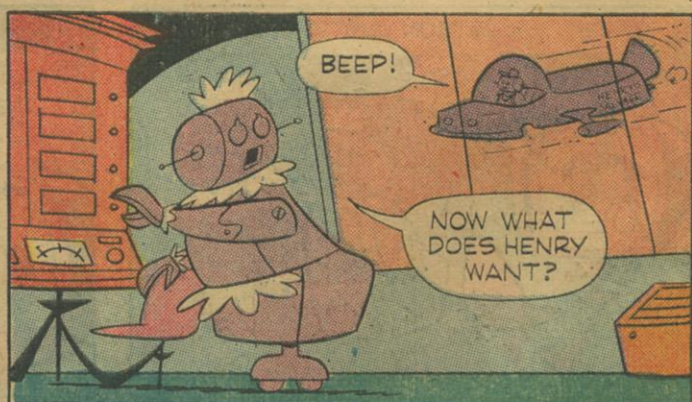
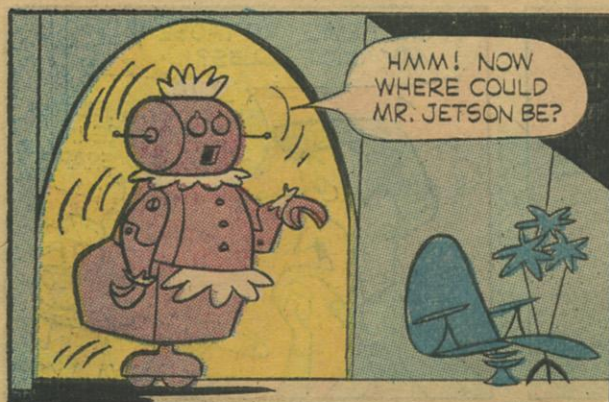
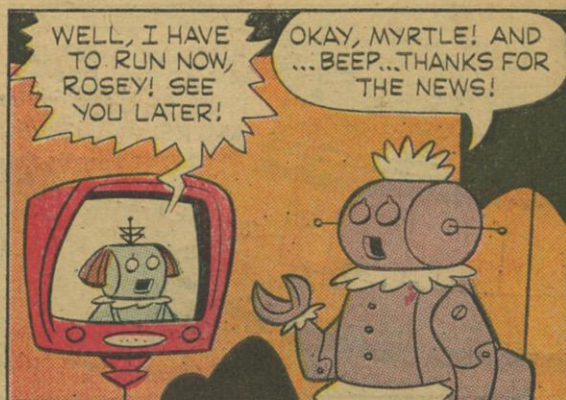
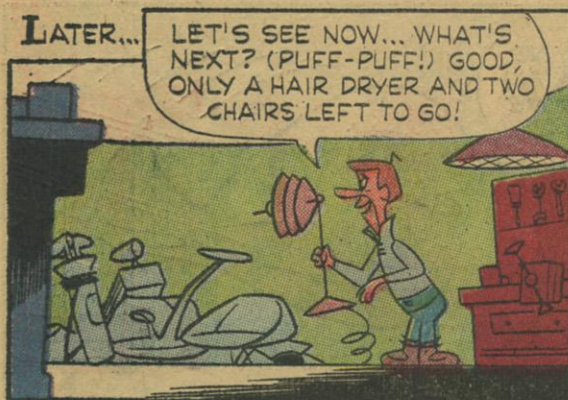
COUGH!

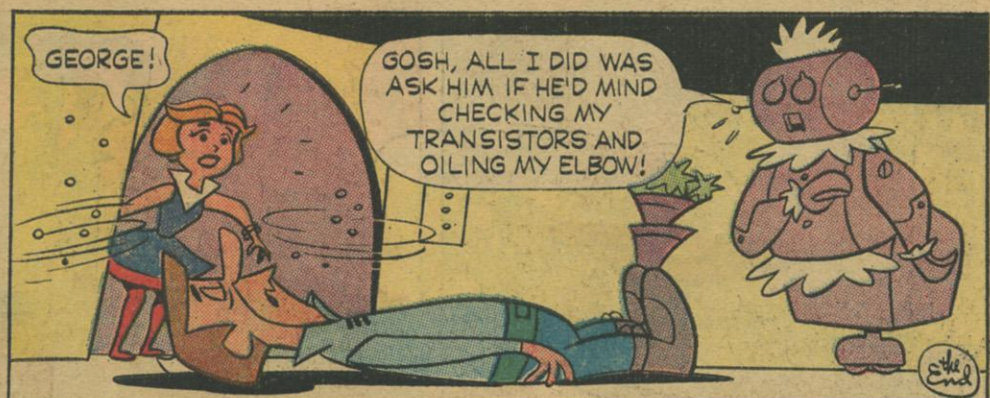
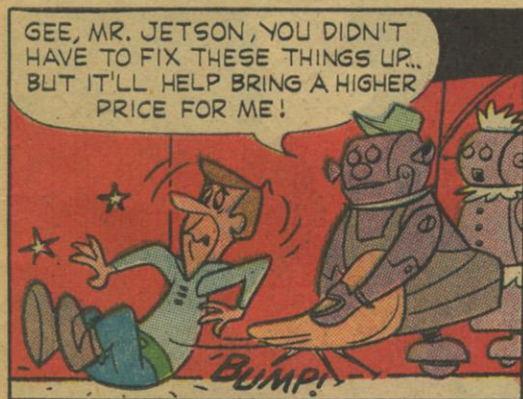
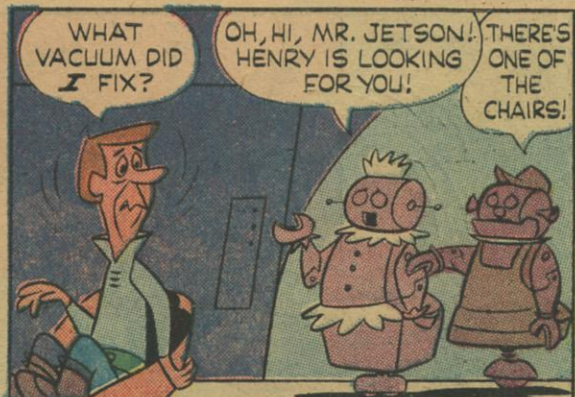
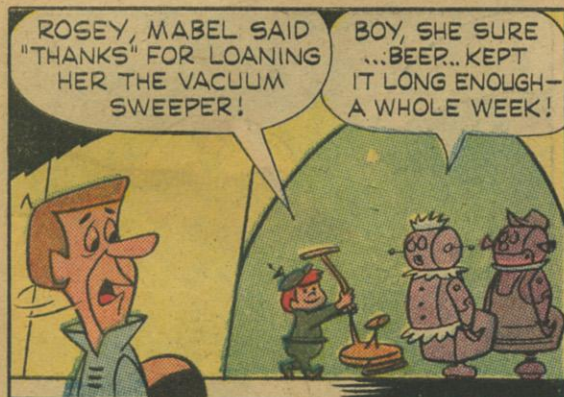
POW!

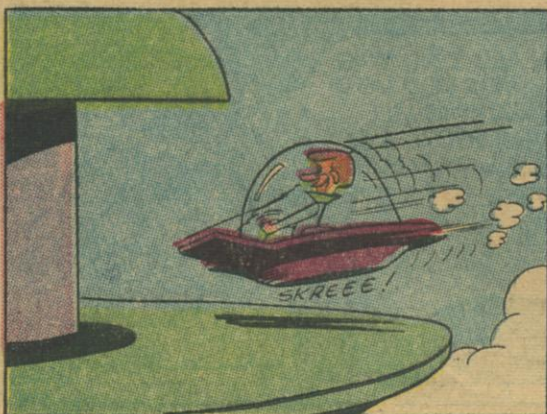
MR. JETSON THINKS I SHOULD... BEEP...
MIND MY OWN BUSINESS! HE CAN'T
UNDERSTAND I JUST LIKE TO BE
HELPFUL!

HE'D FLIP IF HE SAW ALL THAT TRASH
OUT FRONT! I'D BETTER MIX IT IN
HERE WITH THE OTHER FURNITURE
AND MAYBE HE WON'T NOTICE IT!











Reader's Page DOODLES

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

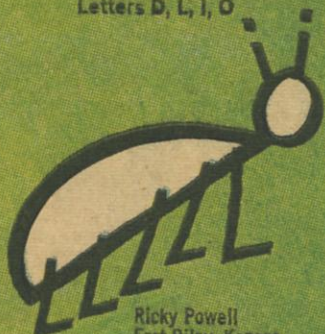
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Letter U



Tim Sprague
Portland, Oregon

Letters D, L, I, O



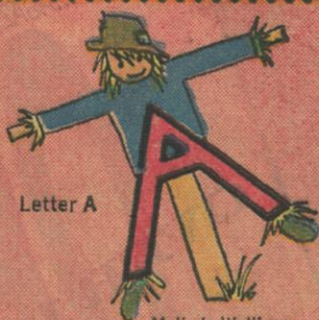
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Letter W



Lynn Stephanick
Closter, New Jersey

Letter A



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Number 5



Kevin Graham
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Number 6



Kenneth Hart
Columbus, Ohio

Letter S



Stacy Mandell
Kingston, Ontario, Canada

Letter h



Kim Mickelson
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